She shall be married to this noble Earle:
VVill you be ready? do you like this haste?
VVeele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Ca. VVell, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore me, it is so very late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. VVilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Romeo. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,

Tis

Tis but the pale reflexe
Nor that is not the Lark
The vaulty heauen so hi
I haue more care to stay
Come death and welcom
How ist my soule, lets
Iu. It is, it is, hie hen
It is the Larke that sings
Straining harsh Discord
Some say the Larke mak
This doth not so; for she
Some say the Larke and
O now I would they ha
Since arme from arme h
Hunting thee hence, wi
O now be gone, more li
Romeo. More light a
woes.

En

Nur. Madam.
Iu. Nurse.
Nur. Your Lady Mo
The day is broke, be wa
Iu. Then window l
Ro. Farewell, farewe
Iu. Art thou gone so,
I must heare from thee
For in a minute there are
O by this count I shall b
Ere I againe behold my
Ro. Farewell:
I will omit no oportuni
That may conuey my g
Iu. O thinkest thou
Ro. I doubt it not, a
For sweete discourses i

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